

# XPOSITOR

## *and* HOMILETIC REVIEW



*Courtesy of  
Federal Council  
Churches of Christ*



# C O N T E N T S

Volume XL

AUGUST 1938

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## The EXPOSITOR and HOMILETIC REVIEW

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An international magazine of parish administration, methods of church work, practical theology, applied religion and all phases of minister's work.

Published on the 15th day of each month by the F. M. Barton Company, Incorporated.

Subscription Rates: Domestic \$3.00 a year. Foreign, \$3.50 a year. Single copies 35c. Back copies 45c. Bound volumes \$3.50. Subscriptions are understood as continuing from year to year, unless orders are given to the contrary. This is in accordance with the general wish of the subscribers. Manuscripts must be typed. No manuscript returned unless accompanied by full return postage and addressed to The Expositor, Cleveland.

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THE F. M. BARTON COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, INC.

W. S. Ramsey  
Caxton Bldg.  
Cleveland, Ohio

Robert M. Harvey  
150 Fifth Avenue  
New York City

John D. Emrich  
9 W. Washington  
Chicago, Illinois

27a Farringdon St.  
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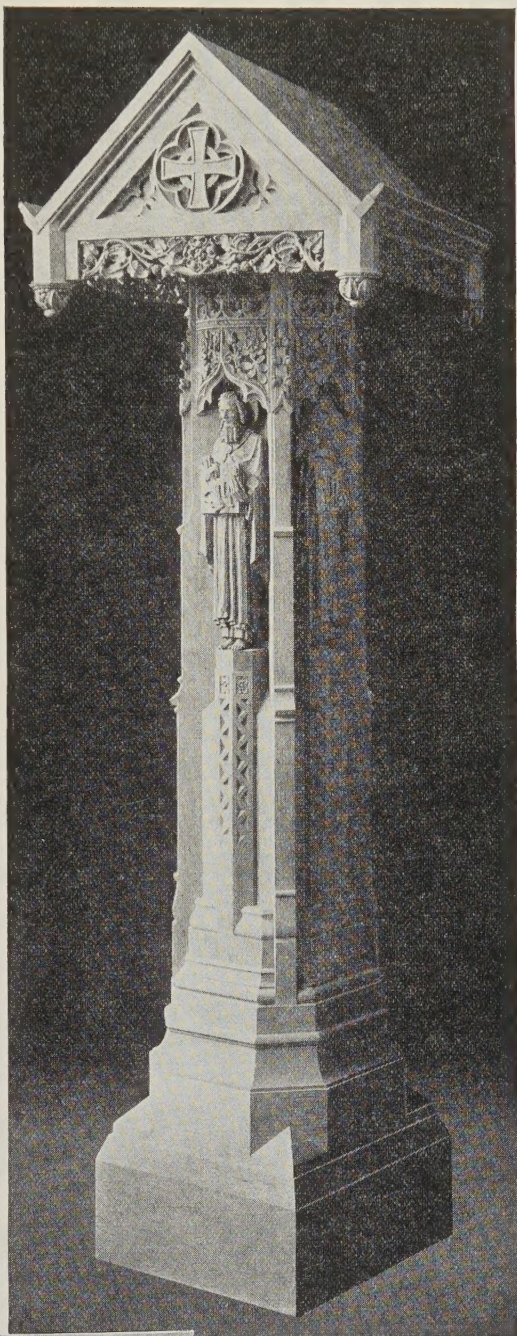
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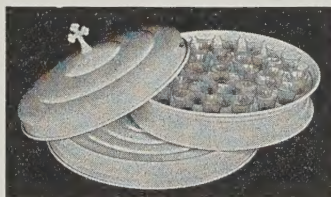
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# AND NOW—FAREWELL

EVELYN ARDIS WHITMAN

*It is rare indeed when fiction appears upon your Expositor pages. So rare is it, that the need for Editorial note is obvious.*

*But there is fiction and fiction and if having basis in fact lends a more sturdy mien and hence makes such writing more fitting for our columns, then on that ground alone we could publish, "And Now—Farewell."*

*But there is more than that. Going, over the years to thousands of ministers, in as many as forty-six foreign countries as well as in the States, it is natural that we have come along and grown old with many of you. Parting of the ways that have been happy ways is never easy. Knowing that friends of many years are reaching the end of the straight furrow they have been given to turn, and having letters come freighted with the sadness and sorrow incident to such arrival, tugs strongly at our hearts, and emphasizes anew our utter inability to put in words the depths of sympathetic emotion we know, and would share.*

*Now it is done for us in "And Now—Farewell," which we are happy to present for though fiction, it is fact-based and it gives sweet voice where we are mute. Read it, as you face the end of your furrow, however distant it may be, be of good courage, strong in faith, and plough on. Harvest follows the seed-time.—Eds.*

SUNLIGHT has a way with country churches. It enters with the ease of an old habit and, finding no lofty rafters or colored windows in its way, takes possession.

The Rev. John Brook could not have said these things for he was not an eloquent man, but he was aware of the intruder in every fibre of his conscious being. He had seen it enter thus a dozen other little churches and rest with the same dignity and tenderness on a dozen other little altars to God. There was a salt tide of tears in his heart as he looked at the sun sharing his church with him—lighting up for the last time, the dear familiarity of threadbare carpet and time-worn pew.

For a moment, he closed his tired eyes and the pulpit sheltered him from his congregation as it had sheltered him in the past when he had been up all night with the children or was struggling to put the ugly thought of money out of his head before he went into the presence of God.

There would be another minute, John Brook knew, before the opening notes of the voluntary. Always, there was this unseemly pause between bell and organ—a pause in which the congregation came to life, rustling and whispering. Twice, he had spoken to Mrs. Meade about it, hesitantly, not wishing to dictate. But she had answered him curtly and he had not dared mention it again. He knew that he

was not good at administering reproof. But he had, he always thought, been fortunate in his pastorates. Always, his people had been decent folk, meaning to do right and, if they sinned, it was only as he himself, might have done, impulsively and without thought.

Thus, with love, he had thought of his people for the forty-five years of his ministry.

And now he knew that for almost half a century, he had been a blind and foolish idealist. In the two months since they had told him to go, he had been looking at them with eyes clear of disillusionment. Little by little, he had come to see that they were complacent and stupid and cruel; that they had never understood that love which he had preached to them from this very pulpit for so many years. Now, sitting tense within the little house of himself, John Brook sought for the strength to be stern with them as he had never been in all these years.

The organist had begun at last. She was playing the "Largo" from Handel. "Father in heaven, Thy children hear," he murmured with her, annoyed when she slid over the notes.

Ah, no one could play the Largo as Mary, his wife, had played it! And there had been no pauses then after the bell! How many times he had heard it, almost chiming with the last stroke, swelling up in great harmony to the



roof and beyond! How many times he had heard it and known that Mary was there behind him, uplifting him with her small, strong hands, bringing thoughts from his heart that he had not known were there! He was afraid he would never really know that Mary was dead. He had tried with all his heart to reconcile himself to the will of God, but every Sunday morning for two years he had come from the quiet desolation of his boarding-house, desolate because it had never known the presence of Mary—to the church, somehow hoping to see her face in the choir.

While Mary lived, he could not have questioned God or his people. He could never have known this alien bitterness that turned his heart to ice and set his brain a-fire. If Mary were here now she would know what they ought to do—she would uphold him with her strength and her faith. But Mary was gone—only resting, he told himself fiercely, resting and waiting for him. He said it but he did not believe it. He could make nothing seem real but the terrible loneliness of discarded old age.

Suddenly, he was aware that the Largo had fumbled to it's close and that the people were waiting for him.

He rose, stumbling with confusion and weariness, and waved them to their feet. Their faces, unmoved as they sang the beautiful lines of the Invocation frightened him and he turned from them to look at his church—at the clean, plain lines of it's roof and at the windows, wide-open to bird-song and spring wind.

It came to him then, that this church was very like the little church of his boyhood—the church his grandfather had built in the midst of white birches on Meeting-house Hill. It seemed to him that if he turned his eyes to the front pew on his right he would see his father in long frock-coat and wing collar and his mother in her little bonnet and her black, silk dress, leading the singing—singing which rose to the sky from the hearts of a people who loved the Lord and His house.

But the Invocation was over and he could hear the familiar rustle of his congregation taking their seats. It was time to read to them the stern words of the hymn he had thought of in his room the night before.

“When wilt Thou save the people?  
O God of mercy, when?”

The people sang indifferently and the singing did not comfort him. It was alien to the sweet, sunny morning and he thought with sorrow that he had come a long way since his first preaching service when with a joyful voice, he had read to his congregation the hymn so twisted into the fibre of his childhood, the favorite hymn of his father,

“A mighty fortress is our God,  
A bulwark never failing.”

Then, as now, he had been unable to sing a note, but then for joy. Ah, he had had everything then! A church, the hopes of youth, Mary! How full of the love of God his heart had been that day! How sure of his calling and of the work he was to do in the fields white with the harvest! He had spent the summer haying on his father's farm, earning part of the two hundred dollars which Mary had estimated it would cost to furnish the little parsonage and his hands, holding the word of God had been the brown, strong hands of a young man.

Well, the hymn was over and this service—this last service—must go on. It was time for prayer and for the first time in his life, John Brook prayed without thought, repeating automatically phrases which his heart could no longer understand.

At the “amen” he moved with quick relief to the announcements. Mary had been wont to prompt him when he forgot and since she had gone, he forgot many times with no one to help him. But this morning, now that he no longer cared, he read swiftly and in a clear, strong voice, announcing the choir-practice, the prayer-meeting—all those functions which would go on so efficiently without him. But here was a folded paper laid by the great Bible just where Mary used to leave her reminders. With a pang of memory, he opened it. Unprepared, he took it's message like a cold knife-thrust that sent him clinging to his pulpit for support. The new minister! He must speak to the people of the man who was to rob him of everything he had left. For an instant, he struggled with the temptation to crumple the paper in his hand and fling it away. But the habit of a lifetime came to him to uphold him, to remind him that he had never brought his personal affairs into the pulpit, never in the face of any adversity, forgotten the dignity of the house of God. The moment passed. In a strong voice he read to the people, tidings of his successor.

“The deacons wish me to say,” he told them, “that on Saturday afternoon next, at three o'clock, the church members will meet in the church to consider a suitable welcome for the new pastor and his family.” Calmly, he added, “The offering will now be taken.”

Now, at last, he could sit down. How thoughtless, how incredibly cruel they were! He knew they had few telephones and that the church was their newspaper as well as their place of worship, but did they think him a stone without feeling?

And so Brown had a family, had he? Well, he was not the only minister who had come triumphantly to a welcoming church with a wife by his side and children to sit in the min-

*(Continued on page 379)*



# FINDING A RELIGIOUS OUTLOOK

HARRY W. STAYER

**I**F we are to take the word of the Psychiatrist for it, there is a considerable portion of sickly folk today who are sick for only one reason. They lack a religious outlook on life. And there is no healing for that sickness except in the medicines of religion.

In some source, which I neglected to make note of, this statement is attributed to Dr. C. C. Jung, the eminent Psychiatrist: "Among all my patients in the second half of life, that is to say over thirty-five, there has not been one whose problem, in the last resort, was not that of finding a religious outlook on life. It is safe to say that everyone of them fell ill because he had lost that which the living religions of every age have given to their followers. And none of them has been really healed who did not regain his religious outlook. It seems that side by side with the decline of the religious life, the neuroses grow noticeably more frequent."

Dr. Henry C. Link in his book, "The Return to Religion," bears a similar witness. For he tells us that more and more he finds himself prescribing for his patients such things as contact with spiritual ideas, attendance at church worship and active participation in the various programs of the church. The people who come to him for help, in many instances, are found ailing for only one reason, they have no religious outlook on life. And they will get well in only one way, by finding a religious outlook on life.

Fear, worry, the sense of futility, sickness of body, mind and spirit—these are inevitably the issues that come out of a lack or loss of a religious outlook. For when there is no such outlook, there is no dynamic motivation, no basic meaning, no crowning purpose and no conscious end that life serves. "If only we sculptors," says Lorado Taft in his "Modern Tendencies in Sculpture," "could but learn that the most precious asset of our art is its hint of eternity." If only the distraught, the aimless and the impotent of our generation could but learn that the most precious asset of a victorious life is a vital religious outlook!

The imperative need for, and the unquestionable value for life of a religious outlook is written large, not only in the writings of men qualified to know, but also in all the observable ways of men. And this looms up with increasing insistence, that if the maladies of modern life, which are caused by a lack of a religious

outlook on life, are ever to be healed, then those who are afflicted must seek their healing at those sources where the healing alone is found. What, then, are these sources?

Speaking in as practical a way as possible, there are three sources where a religious outlook may be found. The first is a Book; the second is an Institution; the third is a Person. The Book is the Bible, the Institution is the Church, the Person is Jesus Christ.

They who would find healing through the finding of a religious outlook must come to the Bible with its great creative concepts and its curative promises. They must submit themselves to its vitalizing spirit and its redemptive purpose. They must uncover themselves, as it were, to the healing rays of its light and truth, till those healing rays penetrate every nook and corner of the heart and mind and to the far recesses of the whole being.

And those who would be healed through the finding of a religious outlook, had best come to the Church for the Church is one of the sources of the religious outlook. Thinking of the many who are at odds with themselves and the world because they lack a religious outlook, and of the part the Church may play in helping them to regain it, one thinks of the Psalmist and his similar experience. First we hear him saying, "Surely in vain have I cleansed my heart and washed my hands in innocency." Why does he speak like that? He had lost his religious outlook. Then we hear him saying, "I went up into the sanctuary of God." Finally, we see him leaving the sanctuary and what is his word now? "My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." Do we need to ask what the Church did for that man and may do for any man who gives the Church a chance? It gave him a religious outlook on life and his black sky became gloriously blue.

And finally, the religious outlook needed by so many today must be found in and through Christ. He is the Great Physician of the soul. He has the medicine for fear, the healing for worry, the remedy for the sense of futility. And still his invitation reaches out to baffled minds and wandering feet, "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest; take my yoke upon you and learn of me and ye shall find rest unto your souls."



# THE CHURCH IN THE WORLD TODAY

HERBERT W. HAHN

"I DON'T know what is going to become of the church," said a discouraged minister, "It seems to be headed for the rocks!" To be sure everyone is not as pessimistic concerning the outlook of the church as he; yet his plain outspoken statement reflects an unmistakable sense of conscious defeat which is prevalent in large areas of the church today.

"The three moving faiths in the world today," wrote an eminent authority on the subject, "are nationalism, mechanistic science, and communism." Christianity which was once considered as "the moving faith" was not included in his list. Has the church indeed lost its power and appeal to the masses? A grave concern has been felt by ministers and laymen alike. Could it survive the depression and cope with the rising tide of Atheistic Communism? Could it overcome the spirit of Materialism and maintain its world integrity? in spite of the rising menace of Nationalism? Could it continue to speak with the voice of authority in a world where modern science and invention are holding sway?

These and many other questions have constantly been asked on every hand. For a time the church has been almost paralyzed by its sense of uncertainty and fear. But "a new mood," however, is now changing the outlook. Instead of defeat, victory appears to be in sight. Instead of continued fear and doubt, new faith and new hope are springing up. There is an increasing conviction that after all "The Gospel is the power of God unto salvation," not only for individuals, but for nations as well. Those who thought that the preaching of the Gospel was antiquated and that it was no longer possible for one man to stand up and tell other men what is what, because of the wide-spread diffusion of modern culture, were greatly disillusioned when they saw the immense crowds that greeted the "National Preaching Mission" last fall—even in the most cultured centers of America—and noted how enthusiastically they hailed the stirring messages of the Gospel as it was preached with new quickening power and life giving force. The statement that wherever there is a man with a message for his followers he is going to get a hearing is as true in our day as it ever was. It was true of Jesus who said, "I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." It was true of St. Paul who said, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." It was true of Martin Luther who said, "Here I take my

stand. I cannot do otherwise, so help me God." It was true of John Wesley; it was true of William Booth; and again let me say it, it is true of those who have a message for the world today.

Before the church can save the world, however, it must set its own house in order and save itself from disintegration. Once it presented a united front against an "opposing world," but today it is as "a house divided against itself." Once when it took the ideals of its Lord and Master "That they all might be one"—"one fold and one shepherd" seriously, it became a unifying force in a disintegrating world. But now it presents a sad spectacle of confusion. E. Stanley Jones' message was, "Christians of America, unite—at least in spirit, aim, and purpose, and help to rebuild the social order on a Christian basis."

The Church in the world today is confronted by a new menace—neo-paganism—which insists on substituting "new faiths for old." "Christianity," say the neo-pagans, "has been tried and found wanting." But in answer to this Chesterton replies, "Christianity has not been found wanting, it has been found difficult and not tried." It is high time that the Christian Church awake and take the social implications of the Gospel seriously. Instead of retiring from the stage of action, as its opponents suggest, and yielding the floor to a new religion, let it take up the challenge and help to improve the conditions of mankind.

The issue, however, cannot be met by mere philosophical discussions nor by fiery debates alone. It requires a practical demonstration in the field of human experience. After the Communists were driven out of central China, some of the Chinese, we are told, came to Christian missionaries and said, "Very well; what do you Christians have to promise more than the Communists?"

Sad to say, Christians have often been more concerned about the saving of an individual soul than about improving the social order in which that individual must live. Even in Christian countries we find human values subordinated to the profit motive. Consequently we still have wide-spread privation in an economy of plenty; women and children are working in factory and shop while able-bodied men are compelled to go idle; gambling and the liquor traffic are countenanced for the sake of revenue; physical pleasure and comfort are put before spiritual strength and



moral character. A return to Christ and His way of living—not a compromise with an unchristian world, nor the yielding to a neo-paganism—is the need of the hour.

It is encouraging, however, to note that the church is accepting the challenge and rising to the occasion. In this hour of crisis—danger and opportunity—a new vision of a fairer, juster and more equal order in society is dawning upon its consciousness.

When the officials of the steel corporation announced their agreement with the C.I.O. which helped to avert a general strike, the Federal Council of Churches, among many others, sent a message of congratulation. In 1919 when, during the industrial dispute, the Inter-Church World Movement took its stand for the right of labor in the steel industry to organize and bargain collectively, for shorter hours,

better wages, and more decent standard of living, there was a storm of protest from the wealthy laymen within the church. But now in less than twenty years we see big steel voluntarily offering all that the church in its report of that time demanded, and much more. The pope, too, in his recent encyclical voiced the conviction of the church when he said that the working man is not to receive in alms what is due him in justice.

The task of the Church, however, is by no means completed. It must continue to serve as the salt of the earth and the light of the world, until its influence as “heaven” transforms the lives of individuals, overcomes the imperfections of an unideal social order, and thus succeeds in making the kingdom of this world the kingdom of our Lord and His Christ.

BULLETIN BOARD

Obedience to duty will answer our problems.  
We are saved for service, not safety.  
Purposes are right when character is right.  
Fine texture presupposes much grinding.  
With no goal the player runs without aim.  
Few thumb their way to heaven.  
Be more ready to receive than do injury.  
Distant water can't quench a fire near by.  
A ship without ballast will capsize in a storm.  
Good servants are found by the good master.  
There is truth beyond what we can see and grasp.

Redemption is not an intellectual matter.  
Our mirror shows us only externals.  
The river slakes the thirst of all that borders it.  
Law cannot supply the lack of any man.  
Truth meets foes where it makes none.  
We should use our privilege as well as prize it.  
When you shut your eyes, even a bright day is dark.  
Even a black hen can lay white eggs.  
The greatest truths of life are simple.  
Learn to express your appreciation.  
Unrest has its source in suspicion.

CHOIR AND CONSOLE

PRELUDE

Elevation in C.	Rockwell
Stillness of Night	Chubb
Chorus of Angels	Clark
Sonatina	Rogers
Air for G String	Bach
This Is the Day	Schubert
In Summer	Stebbins
The Sacred Hour	Ketelby
Meditation	Lang
Morning Star	Camp

OFFERTORY

Andantino	Botting
Moderato	Merkel
Elevation in D.	Dubois
Echo	Yon
Vesperale	Scott
Meditation	Sturges
Nocturn	Chopin
Madrigale	Simonette
Offertory in G	Lowe
At Evening	Nordman

ANTHEM

I Am Alpha and Omega	Stainer
How Excellent Is Thy Kingdom	Bissell
Ye That Stand in the House	Spinney
Sing Unto God	Marks
Light of Life	Coombs
I Hear Thy Voice	Lang
Sweet the Moments	Godfrey
I Love the Lord	Hosmer
Holy Art Thou	Handel
If Ye Love Me	Simple

POSTLUDE

Allegro Pomposo	Lacey
Jubilate Amen	Kinder
Allegro Con Brio	Roberts
Communion	Faulkes
Postlude in D Major	Rinck
Festal March	Teilman
Chorale	Dubois
Grand Choeur	Salome
Buena Noite	Nevin
March	Tombelle



# The Editor's Columns

## Fancy Funeral

"DID you see our new funeral home?" So asked a friend. I replied that I had seen it from the outside as I passed but was not interested in inspecting it. "But you ought to see it. We are proud of it. We think it is a wonderful asset to our community." Much money had been spent on it, 'tis true. Its landscaping and appointments were of the best.

I was thinking of the community's need for a new school building. "Don't you think a new school building would have been more important than a funeral home?" I asked. "Oh no," she replied, "we can get along with that school building. We needed a fine funeral home. Now we can bury our dead like they do in the city.

Often I wonder at funerals. Money is so lavishly spent to be buried in the ground. Flowers are bought to be thrown on the ground. It is all a wasteful expenditure. Sometimes widows might well save some of that expense and use it to better advantage. It seems to me to be a commercialized worship of the material body, as well as a commercialization of the desire to make an appearance before the people who may come. We Christians forget that it is the soul which is man's immortal part; and that the body returns to the earth from whence it came.

Not many days ago I walked through a cemetery. Purposely I went through a part from which the public is excluded. There was a pile of old monuments. Folk had placed them on the graves so that memories might not fade. They fell over or apart and interferred with the beauty of the cemetery so were piled up as junk. I thought of another cemetery where I spent many minutes removing brush and briar over to read on the stone, "Gone but not forgotten." *Sic transit gloria mundi!*

On another pile were flowers and floral arrangements. The cost was more than enough to keep a family for a year. Folk had bought them as "their last tribute to the dead." A

few days and they were gathered, piled, and later burned. "The grass withereth, the flower fadeth;" but maybe we forget that the glory of the Lord endureth forever.

Were much of this unnecessary expense for fancy funerals eliminated good purposes could be served. Why not a contribution to a church or other worthy purpose in memory of the dead? Why not a funeral from the church? Surely there is no better place in which to conduct a funeral service for a Christian soul than in a Christian Church.

And when a funeral home becomes a greater asset to a community in the minds of people who make that community than an adequate school for the children, perhaps it is an indication that we are placing more emphasis on death than on life. We think nothing of \$400 or \$500 for a funeral, but I have heard many complain about \$100 for a birth.

Maybe we should learn that in quiet dignity we can bury the dead bodies of our loved ones, and in the calm confidence of our Lord's promise, "I came to give man life," live in the certainty of our faith. Instead of a public exhibition, a funeral should be a service of the church and an expression of love, respect and Christian faith.—W. R. S.

## Spirit and Letter

THAT there were countless casualties, varying in degree of severity should, I presume, bring the unanimous vote against Fourth of July pyrotechnics. They all figured as largely in the celebration of a day that is gone, without dampening the juvenile ardor, as they did this year. So my sympathies, if unexpressed, frequently go to today's youngster, who for one reason or another is denied boyhood experiences which loomed large on my boy-day horizon.

I am not likely to voice a very stern judgment upon that lad, who, even if he be aware of the legal taboo found increasingly over the country, smuggles across the line of municipality in which he lives a sufficiency of contraband and bootleg fireworks to provide at



least a taste of the thrill we found in the day of the "insane fourth."

But for that father who packs his young hopefuls into the family car and deliberately drives to the edge of town where neighboring villages and independent suburbs, having no ban on fireworks, do a thriving annual business catering to the forbidden joys of the city youth, I can find little of extenuating circumstance.

My neighbor provided for his two boys a celebration denied by law. He was one of thousands. I can well understand and sympathize with the motive prompting, but are we as a people becoming more and more blind to our responsibility to our children so far as obedience to law is concerned! We administer definite punishment when the boy disobeys and runs counter to our admonition. Then we take him out and help him to break a city law which he knows as well as he does those laws we have laid down for him. Can we wonder and be shocked at the average age of the inmates of our penal institutions?

Respect for law and for those whose duty it is to uphold and enforce the law is one of the most vital and outstanding needs of our youth, but we who shudder and grow sick at heart when we read the distressing crime facts of the day, are utterly without reason when we plow and till diligently, expecting wheat when we plant tares.

The church, the home, the school—these are the moulding agencies upon which we depend for the forming of worthy citizens of the future. The parent can undo on the Fourth or any other day, what the school and the church have done over the years, and the pleas, "We wouldn't let the boys have any of those big giant firecrackers, they are too dangerous," and "We're staying right here with them, so it's alright," don't alter facts, chief among which, still stands the old adage, "train up a child in the way he should go."

*J. F. Banning*

## A Safe Gambol

MUCH flood-water verbiage on Church Bingo Parties, has passed over the ecclesiastical dam of recent months. From hither and yon come reports of this branch of the church or that, from one side of the continent to the other, taking formal action against Bingo as a parish activity, along with protests against any and all other forms of gambling.

It sounds much like the query put by the shrewd attorney, "Have you stopped beating your wife, yet?" Where specific action is taken against Bingo it sounds as though someone actually had been beating his wife.

There are some things, which rotate so far

outside the field of the church and are blatantly so alien to the basic principles of the church and its Founder, as to be most obviously something no church can even touch. The *Expositor* has considered parish card parties where prizes were awarded and income received from the selling of tickets, Bingo and similar activities in that class, so openly foreign to the church as to be considered only by a rarely occasional pastor of limited vision. We still hold that belief.

So the *Expositor* has not added to the lines written on Church Bingo Parties. We have believed that as the gambling spirit has taken on an increase in poundage and one after another of its inoffensively named varieties have been declared illegal gambling by courts of law and have been prosecuted as such, even the most wayward group of church folks would understand they could not be for church fostering.

When the pin-ball machine drops its clattering jack-pot into the baptismal font, monthly bank-night is announced from the pulpit and in the parish bulletin and a roulette wheel is installed in the chancel, then we will begin to be concerned, but until then the *Expositor* will continue to believe that most ministers and most churches, so long as they are just that, find small space for the money maker. No more can fire and water fill the same vessel.

*J. F. Banning*

## A Few Words From the Pastor

1. Rugged individualism usually leads to ragged individualism for the unfortunate.
2. The person who lives by the things he does not believe is like the person who tries to see what is not there rather than what is there. Psychologists have a word for it.
3. To be spiritual is always a personal experience.
4. Christianity has never been so healthy as when fighting for its life.
5. We must live "as if," as if the Universe were nonsense, or as if it were cold law, or as if it were a Father's House.

—C. F. Banning.

The *Expositor*:

I am enclosing a Postal Money Order for \$3.00 to renew my subscription to The *Expositor* for 1938. I want to express to you my sincere thanks for your splendid generosity for sending The *Expositor* to me, when I could not renew the subscription promptly. I want always to have The *Expositor*, as long as I am an active minister. In any year that I could not afford it, or something like that, I will notify you in advance to stop it. Very sincerely yours, J. F. Redinger, Shandon, Calif.



# CHURCH METHODS

## A Comparative Study of the Prodigal Son and His Elder Brother

Luke 15:11-32.

"A certain man had *two sons* . . . And he divided unto *them* his living." (v. 11-12.)

\* \* \*

"Now the *elder son*." (v. 25.)

1. "And he (father) said unto him . . . *all that I have is thine*." (v. 31.)

2. Thou art *ever with me*." (v. 31.)

3. "Lo these many years do I *serve thee*." (v. 25.)

4. Neither *transgressed* I at any time thy commandment." (v. 29.)

5. "*All that I have is thine*." (v. 31.)

6. "Now his elder son was in the *field*." (v. 25.)

7. "And as he *came* and drew nigh to the house." (v. 25.)

8. "And he called one of the *servants* and asked what these things meant." (v. 26.)

9. "And he was angry and he would *not go in*." (v. 28.)

10. And his *father came out*." (v. 28.)

11. "And *entreated* him." (v. 28.)

12. "Father" missing.

13. "Thou never gavest me a *kid*, that I might make *merry* with my friends." (v. 29.)

14. "As soon as this *thy son* was come." (v. 30.)

15. "*Son*, thou art ever with me." (v. 31.)

16. "All that I have is *thine*." (v. 31.)

17. "He *heard* music and dancing." (v. 35.)

\* \* \*

"And the *younger* of them." (v. 12.)

1. "And not many days after, the younger son gathered *all together*." (v. 13.)

2. "And took his journey into a *far country*." (v. 13.)

3. "And *wasted* his substance with riotous living." (v. 13.)

4. "Which hath devoured thy living with *harlots*." (v. 30.)

"I have *sinned* against heaven and before thee (in thy sight)." (v. 18, 21.)

5. "And when he had spent *all*, there arose a mighty famine in that land and he began to be in want . . . And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat; and no man gave unto him." (v. 14, 16.)

6. "And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his *fields* to feed swine." (v. 15.)

7. "When he *came* to himself." (v. 17.)

8. "How many hired *servants* of my father's have bread enough and to spare and I perish with hunger . . . And am no more worthy to

be called thy son; make me as one of the hired *servants*. But his father said to his *servants*." (v. 17, 19, 21, 22.)

9. "I will *arise and go* to my father." (v. 18.)

10. "And he arose and *came to his father*." (v. 20.)

11. "But when he was a great way off his father saw him and had *compassion* and ran and fell on his neck and kissed him." (v. 20.)

12. "*Father*, I have sinned." (v. 18, 21.)

13. "And bring hither the *fatted calf*, and kill it; and let us eat and be *merry*." (v. 23.)

14. "For this *thy brother* was dead and is alive again." (v. 32.)

15. "For this my *son was dead*." (v. 24.)

16. "Bring forth the best robe and put it on him . . . and a ring . . . and shoes." (v. 22.)

17. "And they began to be *merry* . . . It was meet that we should make *merry* and be glad." (v. 24, 32.)

—Robert S. Woodson, *Tupelo, Miss.*

■

## Books Suggested for Reference and Study on Parables

There are several books that have been helpful to me in the preparation of sermons on the Parables. Here they are:

"The Parables of Jesus," George A. Buttrick.

"Notes on the Parables," Trench.

"The Parables of Our Saviour," W. W. Taylor.

"The Portrait of the Prodigal," Greene.

Dr. Robert C. McQuilkin, President of Columbia Bible College, gives three suggestions for the study of all Parables:

1. Study to know each of the three parts:

a. The setting or occasion.

b. The story itself.

c. The application.

2. Observe three principles in finding the spiritual meaning:

a. Each parable has one central message.

b. Each parable has a number of details which relate to the central truth.

c. Each parable has details that relate to the story itself and are not intended to have spiritual significance.

3. Study to know the personal application of the parable to your own life and service.

—Gordon W. Mattice, *Rochester, N. Y.*

■

## A Summer Program

(File for 1939)

"It may be that the program planned by this home mission Church for this summer, may help some other church in their future plan-



ning," writes the Rev. Charles C. Shafe, Fairfield Highlands Presbyterian Church, Bessemer, Ala. "We shall be glad to have you use it in any way you see fit. The ideas and suggestions that come to me from *The Expositor* are of great value in my work now, as they have been for years."

### The Program

Summertime is a gold mine for the church that will use it. The pastor and officers of this church for some months have been thinking how they could best use the summer for the advancement of the Kingdom in their church.

The membership of this church is made up of steel workers, who are working only part time. They must consider the cost of everything they plan. What will they do this summer?

1. Soon as school is out a Daily Vacation Bible School. (School was out early for the lack of funds.) May 9-20 a two-week Bible School was held with 136 boys and girls. Four classes and an opening exercise each day. (*The number of hours will equal one-half year of Sunday school.*) The total cost of the school was \$5.05. The theme of the school was "Living for Jesus," the idea being taught in play and work classes.

2. Sunday school picnic. This was held May 25 at a little lake close by. (*There was no expense except for paper cups, ice and drink as the children were taken in cars.*)

3. Special services each night from June 12-19. One of the ministers in a church near by doing the preaching.

4. Scouts to meet at the church and under the influence of the church each Friday night. (*One of the elders is a scoutmaster.*)

5. A religious camp for all young people for a few days in July. A plan is for each to bring food which they get at the company store.

6. The New Testament in slides each night for a week in August. (*As we have the use of a machine the only cost will be rent on the slides.*)

7. Another week of Bible school or having a Bible school for another church sometime in August.

8. Having one night each week for young people's night at the church throughout the summer. (*This will be both devotional and play.*)

9. Social for the men one night each month.

10. Family dinner at the church one time in the summer.

11. The regular program of the church to go on. Two services each Sunday, some outdoors, the four groups of young people and children each Sunday night, prayer meeting each Wednesday night, the women each Monday, etc.

These plans will take little extra money and yet we believe will bring a blessing to the church, the members, and the community.

### Dedication of a Church Bell

"Recently a bell was presented to our Church by one of the families of the congregation," says the Rev. James M. Hamilton, D. D., First Presbyterian Church, Fowler, Calif. "It was dedicated on Mother's Day. I searched all my *Expositors* for the last 15 year (*have been a subscriber for over 25 years*) for a sample dedicatory service from which I might get some suggestions for our service of dedication. Apart from the song, "Sweet and Clear," which I used, I could not find much, however. I was compelled to arrange my own service.

"Am sending you a copy. Could you find space to print it. It might possibly be suggestive to someone else facing the privilege that was mine.

"One or two words in the song were changed. For example the words in the fourth line as used in the version from which I copied read, "Hallowed Memorial Bell." Ours is not a memorial bell so I changed that line to read, "Hallowed melodious bell." Each stanza in the original had twelve lines. Because of lack of space that became eight as printed by me. The tenth and eleventh lines in the second stanza of the original read:

"Come where love is found;

Come where joys abound,"

"I changed that to read, as you will see,

"Come where grace is found,

Where Christian joys abound."

"The tune of the song, as may be easily inferred, is that of the old song, 'Sweet and Low.'"

\* \* \*

(Dedication services may be found in the following issues for suggestions and adaptation: *Church Bell*, page 977, May 1922; *Church*, page 859, Parish House, 860, *Church Bell*, 863, *Communion Table* 864, all April, 1922. *Church* page 795, April, 1923. *Cross*, 1084, *Silver Screen*, 1085, *Dedication Prayer*, 1084, all in August 1931. *Dedication of Hymnals*, page 257, *Dedication Service*, 361, *Lights*, 499, *Dedication*, 293, all in Volume 34, February through May, 1933. *Pulpit Bible*, page 250, 151, March, 1934; page 124, December 1934. *Bibles* 298, *Chapel* 374, in June, 1937, and December, 1937. *Expositor References.*)

\* \* \*

### Order of Service

*Prelude*: "La Cathedle Engloutie," Debussy.

*Doxology.*

*Call to Worship*:

*Minister*: O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness; Come before Him all ye people.

*People*: I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

*Minister*: Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.

*People*: For God who commanded the light to shine out of darkness hath shined into our



hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

*Minister:* Seek ye the Lord while He may be found. Call upon Him while He is near.

*People:* One thing have I desired of the Lord; that will I seek after.

*Minister:* Lo, we heard it in Ephrathah; we found it in the fields of the wood.

*People:* We will go into his tabernacles; we will worship at His footstool.

*Minister:* Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest: Thou, and the Ark of Thy strength.

*Invocation and Lord's Prayer.*

*Responsive Reading:* No 5.

*Hymn:* No. 141.

*Scripture.*

*Prayer.*

*Quartette:* "Sweet and Clear."

Sweet and clear, Far and near,

Notes of a silvery bell!

Swing, sing, swing and sing,

Hallowed melodious bell.

Down through the peaceful valley flow;

Out to the listening mountains go;

Winging our thoughts above; Come ye weary ones,

Sinful, sorrowing ones. Come! Come!  
Come!

Sweet and clear, Far and near,

Notes of a silvery bell!

Swing, sing, swing and sing,

Hallowed melodious bell.

Counting the hours of our lives away;

Calling the people to praise and to pray;

Singing of hope and heaven. Come where  
grace is found;

Where Christian joys abound. Come!  
Come! Come!

*Offertory:* "The Bells of St. Mary's," Adams.

*Anthem:* "I Was Glad When They Said Unto Me," Elvey.

*Presentation of the Bell.*

*The Dedication Service.*

*Minister:* By the generosity of these friends of the church,

*People:* We are enabled to dedicate this bell.

*Minister:* To the glory of God the Father, to the honor of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, to the praise of the Holy Spirit, source of light and life.

*People:* We dedicate this bell.

*Minister:* That the voice of the Lord may be heard calling to worship,

*People:* We dedicate this bell.

*Minister:* That its tones may go out to the weary and the sorrowing, bringing strength and comfort,

*People:* We dedicate this bell.

*Minister:* That the inhabitants of our great valley may be called to prayer and praise,

*People:* We dedicate this bell.

*Minister:* That in this house men may find the meat that feeds the soul.

*People:* We dedicate this bell.

*Prayer of Dedication* in unison:

Father of all light, Author of all life, Giver of all good, to Thee and to the uses of Thy house, we dedicate this bell. May the service rendered by it be conspicuous and worthy of the noble task for which it is so gladly given. And grant, O Lord, that whoever may be called by the sound of this bell to Thy house of prayer, may enter into thy gates with thanksgiving and into Thy courts with praise. And finally may he have a portion of the new song and be among the harpers harping with their harps, in Thy house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

*Sermon,* "The Fine Art of Motherhood."

*Hymn:* No. 144.

*Benediction and Response.*

*Postlude:* "March," Best.

### The Precious Invitation

*Matt. 11: 25-30.*

*Introduction:* An invitation nearly always bespeaks an interest in the recipient; and especially is this true in this case, since the invitation is from the Lord. In considering it, let us ask

#### I. Why the Invitation?

1. Because God and man were separated. Isa. 59:1-2.

2. Because God loves man. John 3:16.

3. Because he is a merciful God. Ps. 86:15, 18:25; II Pet. 3:9; Ezek. 33:11.

4. Because man needed salvation and couldn't obtain it himself. Eph. 2:11-12.

#### II. Who Is Included in This Invitation?

1. Those who are weary and heavy laden. Matt. 11:28.

2. Those who are hungry and thirsty. Isa. 55:1; Matt. 5:6.

3. Whosoever will. Rev. 22:17.

#### III. When Is the Time to Accept?

1. Now is the acceptable time. II Cor. 6:2.

2. Before the heart becomes hardened. Heb. 4:7; 3:13.

#### IV. How May One Accept?

1. By hearing and learning of the Father. John 6:44-45; Rom. 1:16.

2. One hears and learns of the Father through the apostles. II Cor. 5:18-20.

3. A concrete example. Acts. 2:1-41.

*Conclusion:* "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great a salvation?" Cf. Heb. 2:1-3. —Leslie G. Thomas, *Fifth Avenue Church of Christ, Corsicana, Texas.*

### New Members for 54 Consecutive Months

"April and May of 1938 were the 53 and 54 consecutive months during which our church was privileged to accept new members into the congregation," writes the Rev. Martin J. Hoeppner, St. John's Lutheran Church,



Buffalo, New York. "It does one's heart good to see that month after month there are friends and good people who come into the membership to help carry on the great work of St. John's, now 105 years old.

"Someone told us recently that there are 64

million unchurched people in the U. S. and bringing this down to our city, it is assumed that more than 275,000 people among us are still not members of any Church. Surely a more appealing field cannot be found anywhere than right here.



*This is a photograph of the Annual Memorial Altar observed by St. John's. It may carry a suggestion for you, and is offered through the courtesy of Dr. Hoeppner.*

### **Preaching from Pictures**

Readers frequently ask for help in preparing sermons on Masterpieces of Art, and we suggest that you secure the book, "Preaching from Pictures," by Kenneth W. Sollitt, published by W. A. Wilde Company, Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. The book is \$2.00. Ask for the list of new publications for 1938-39, as there may be a number of other books in the list that you should possess.

### **Bride's Day**

"I send a program of a Church service that we have worked out here," says the Rev. Thos. J. Carter, Reseda, California. "It has been quite successful here. The purpose of the service is to call attention to the importance and sacredness of the marriage relation.

"The Church is decorated in wedding style and all the music is in harmony with the plan. Little flower girls present bridal bouquets to the couple present married for the greatest

number of years, and to the couple married most recently. We have found this popular and impressive.

"So far as we know this plan is original with us, as we have not heard of it being used by any other Church. If you can pass it on through *The Expositor*, we shall be glad.

### **Bride's Day Program**

Prelude, "Lohengrin's Wedding March."

Hymn, No. 24.

Prayer, closing with the Lord's prayer.

Solo, "O Promise Me."

Announcements.

Offertory, "Love Confiding."

Tithes and offerings.

Solo, "Because."

Presentation of Bridal bouquets by flower girls.

Solo, "I Love You Truly."

Scripture, "The Wedding in Cana of Galilee."

Sermon, "The Purpose of Marriage."

Benediction.

Doxology.



### Filling Empty Seats in Sunday School

Sometime ago, our Sunday School had empty seats, many empty seats, too many of them to make the school a healthy one. We are a city church within ten minutes ride of the center of Philadelphia. About our church there are many people, a changing population. The streets have crowds of boys and girls but somehow our school did not seem to attract them. Perhaps they did not know about us, did not know that we wanted them to come in. We had not tried very hard to tell them so.

We wanted to help boys and girls to find Jesus Christ. We planned an indirect method of building the membership. The plan was not at all new, it had been used under another pastorate 25 or 30 years before and that work then laid the foundation for a real evangelistic ministry and enabled the church to reach the highest pinnacle of strength that it has seen in its history of 52 years.

Our people agreed that the church should be used for the boys and girls and we set aside an hour each Friday night in which the children of all ages had the right of way. A program was planned with the help of four men. We sang popular gospel choruses (and how the children do sing them). There were no restrictions as long as they remained respectful. The Bible and prayer held an important place. An offering was taken. A contest between girls and boys attending kept up interest and brought new faces each week.

The big attraction was Bible stories illustrated with pictures on the screen, which brought a respectful hush over these boys and girls such as I have never witnessed even with congregations of adults. The presentation of the passion of the Lord brought forth respect, reverence, and I trust in many love for Jesus Christ.

This Friday night meeting takes work, but it is worth it. In the last six months we can trace twelve who have found the Lord through these boys' and girls' meeting and have united with the Church. A number are adults. Time is required to search out slides that can be used at a minimum cost. Interesting talks must be prepared to go with them. Dry lectures will not hold the attention of the children very long.

The meeting must be advertised with care. The local paper has helped us from time to time. Circulars are put out in the neighborhood on Friday afternoon by a couple of the boys. The story of the crossing of the Red Sea is made vivid to the children in the title,

### "FACING DEATH IN THE DEEP."

The life of John Clough, the missionary, is advertised as,

### "THE MAN WHO DARED."

The meeting begins at 7:30, and the children are admitted at 7:25, thus they have no time to become restless. However there is always a large group of boys and girls waiting outside. This attracts attention and is good advertising for the church—*Samuel Arthur Jeannes, Trinity Baptist Church, Philadelphia.*

### Sunday School Attendance Stimulators

From L. S. Schad, Superintendent of the Hough Avenue Baptist Sunday School, Cleveland, Ohio, comes this suggestion:

"Thinking that you might be interested in passing on to your readers an idea which we have successfully used in our Sunday School, I am giving you an outline of a new attendance-building plan which has also been tested in several other Church Schools and Sunday Schools here in Cleveland during the last few weeks. This simple and novel plan was enthusiastically received by Superintendents, Department Heads, Teachers and Scholars alike. Carefully kept records of attendance show increases of from 10 to 35 per cent in the departments using the plan (up to 15 years of age).

"The plan consists of an attractive 'Church School' or 'Sunday School' Stamp Book with the name and address of the School, space for the member's name, and the actual dates for the period in which it is used. Each member receives a beautifully designed and very attractive four-color stamp on each Sunday he or she is present. The scholars mount the stamp in their stamp books Sunday by Sunday. In case a member is absent, he can secure a stamp for that Sunday by bringing a visitor any time during the period. A sample stamp book is enclosed, together with a sheet of the stamps.

"Then there is another valuable purpose in this plan. Scholars prize their stamps and eagerly take them home to show their parents, thus presenting to adults and friends each week the impressive suggestion and strong appeal—GO TO CHURCH.

"Simple and complete operating details accompany the books and stamps, together with copy for a postal card follow-up for absentees which has proved very effective; and included is a method to secure new members through the Stamp Book Plan which we also found productive.

# T H E P U L P I T

## CHRISTIANITY MUST DEFEND THE INDIVIDUAL

C. IRVING BENSON

*"Call upon me in the day of trouble and I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me." Psa. 10:15.*

**A** FEW months ago a man in New York was knocked down by a steam-roller. That is a symbol of the forces flattening out personality in our world today. Many forces in our modern life are running over the individual like a fleet of steam-rollers.

It was fitting that Earl Baldwin's swan-song as Prime Minister of Great Britain should have been made at the Empire Rally of Youth in the Albert Hall.

"I have had my hour," he told that vast audience of youth. "I pass soon into the shade, but for you life lies before you like a boundless ocean and the imagination of youth is busy launching flotillas of dream ships on its waters." We can enter into his feelings as he faced that sea of bright, eager faces while in his heart lay a well-controlled sadness. He was looking back and out and forward—distilling the wisdom of his life surveying the world as it is and interpreting the needs of the future. He told them that he wanted to hand on to them a torch. What was the torch?

### **The Torch of Freedom**

"The torch I would hand to you, and ask you to pass from hand to hand along the pathways of the Empire, is a Christian truth re-kindled anew in each ardent generation. Use men as ends and never merely as means; and live for the brotherhood of man, which implies to Fatherhood of God."

Those are words for us to write on our hearts: "Use men as ends and never merely as means." The private person has fallen on evil days. It is part of the mental climate of our time that the value and importance of the individual has suffered a great deflation in a much deflated world.

### **Back to the Dark Ages**

A university periodical in a German University asserted that the private person is no longer wanted in Germany. But this tendency is not confined to Germany. In many places

in Europe the Fascist philosophy is leading mankind back to the dark ages; back to the Juggernaut, tramping personality on the roadways. The totalitarian state is only one of the grim pressures which are bearing on individuals like the squeezing of a vice. In democracies, economic forces, the tyranny of mass thinking and other movement overrun personality. Subtle, yet omnipresent, is this tendency to submerge the individual in the crowd. A world in which the individual is liquidated is a world struck by blight.

### **Shakespeare in Russia**

Just as the world is flat without hills, so is life flat without human peaks that make landscape. A fascinating testimony to this truth is being given at the present moment in Russia. The Russian people have grown weary of propaganda plays about tractors, about massive dams, about five-year plans. They want plays about people, showing a clash of will, and the old fascination of the mysteries of the soul. That is a chief reason why Shakespeare is going like wildfire in Moscow. What people respond to is not an invitation which runs, "Listen, my children, and you shall hear of the freight car loadings for last year, and the latest statistics of bank clearings."

President Masaryk, of Czechoslovakia, said not long before his death: "The meaning of history is not Caesar but Jesus. History tends not toward Caesar, but towards Jesus." At the very center of the Christian Gospel is the truth of the infinite value of the individual. If anyone doubts this let him read again the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel with its parables of the lost sheep, the lost coin and the lost son and the reiterated fact: "There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." Heaven is interested in units. Christ's emphasis on individual values throws a flood of light on our modern world, economic, political and international. All through the Gospels there is stressed the worth of the least, the last and the lowest person. "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost."



## The Totalitarian State

The Nazi Leaders in Germany have seen clearly that Christianity does not fit a totalitarian state. Its supreme concern for personality cannot be fitted into persecutions and concentration camps. Ludendorff is right, "Christianity is idiotic."

If we are to keep Christ's conception alive, it means that we must fight on a score of fronts where individual worth is being denied and people are being crushed.

Christianity gave the doctrine of individual values to the world. It must be kept and proclaimed as a Gospel. We cannot have the implications of a doctrine trampled underfoot and keep the doctrine as anything else than an obsolete relic in a theological museum.

The supreme enemy of individuals has been economic individualism. The noble meaning of the word "individualism" has been corrupted until it has almost come to suggest the economic theory which encourages the free and unlimited exploitation of the people. That is the trouble. There is great danger in an age in which "rugged individualism" has been thrown out the window, that something else may be thrown out with it which is vastly different—individuality.

## The Test of Systems

The true and final test of any system, social, economic or political, is its effect on individuals, the scope which it gives for the fulfilment of personality. Christ's valuation of all institutions is clearly expressed in His words, "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." An economic system should be made for man, and not, man made for an economic system. We need the tightening of social compulsion on profit-making for the sake of a larger measure of self-direction and self-realization."

## Corporate Sin

The root of all improvement is the redemption of the individual soul, which must be the primary task of the Church. The truly saved soul is a soul saved unto a sense of corporate sin, and while it begins with the transformation of individuals, it is alive to the need for working out the implications of love in social and international relationships.

There is an inescapable compulsion upon the Christian Church to contend for the defense of individual personality. For what we are witnessing is one of the most complete denials of the worth of the individual in all history. There is a deadly conflict in front of any genuine Christianity, which takes seriously Christ's valuation of man.

## The Yelping Pack

The question the world asks of the Church is this: How much do you believe it? How far will you go to defend the doctrine that a man has the worth and the right of a child of God? As a Church we can do one of two things: We can stop talking about the divine value of man, and throw the New Testament on the scrap heap and join the yelping pack. Or we can keep the New Testament in our minds and hearts and resist every trend and action which tramples on that New Testament view of man.

This was a book that needed to be written and the cause has found a most capable champion. Every preacher in the land should get this message into his soul and proclaim it as the Gospel for the day. If anyone is puzzling to find a Christmas gift for a politician, a Government official, a social worker, a soldier, a sailor or an electrician (I almost wrote the candle-stick maker), here is the solution—a great book, greatly written.

# SHEEP IN WOLVES' CLOTHING

WILLIAM H. FULTON

(A Sermon to Young People)

*"I have not hid Thy righteousness within my heart; I have declared Thy faithfulness and Thy salvation; I have not concealed Thy loving kindness and Thy truth from the great assembly." Psalm 40:10.*

**I**F you are lucky and attentive you may sometime hear a bird song which not one in a thousand ever hears. As you sit near an open window, but not seen from without, you catch the notes of a quiet song of piccolo quality—inimitable, entrancing, unforgettable, coming from a singer completely concealed in the densest kind of foliage. If, intent on identifying the ethereal songster, you make your

way out and toward the source of the song, likely before you get near, however great your stealth, away will fly uttering harsh raucous discordant cawing—a blue jay!

As I have said, not one person in a thousand has ever heard the beautiful song of the blue jay. Though he has a song worthy of the brown thrasher, he will, so far as most people are concerned, die with all his music in him. He seems ashamed to be caught doing his fine singing, preferring to be known by his worst rather than by his best. He likes to pretend to be worse than he is!

Now the blue jay is not a "*rara avis*." There

is a whole flock of him—those unwilling that the best within them should be known, preferring to be known, if not by their worst, at least by something less than their best.

*The jay and his tribe I venture to call sheep in wolves' clothing, if that is not mixing fur and feathers too hopelessly in the figure.*

We are all familiar with the type of character pictured by Aesop as the wolf in sheep's clothing, the bad masquerading as the good, but I wish you to think of the direct opposite, that which might be the good but which masquerades as the bad, the superior which masquerades as the inferior.

Everywhere you see men whose influence should be avowedly on the side of generous living and spiritual ambition, dissembling their real motives. They do not join reforms although they sympathize with the reformers. They do not take a stand against any evil lest someone, somewhere, in some way, should think them as good as they are. They prefer to appear men of the world rather than men of God. While in reality their motives are generous and humane, they hasten to disavow such motives. Many a man hides a kind heart of good impulses under a scowling forehead and behind harsh words.

This is a curious tendency, and indicates a strange mixture in our natures. How may it be explained?

Let us get back to the blue jay for a moment. He loves to swagger. He is the swaggerer of the bird world. Now a part of the explanation of the conduct of his human imitators is that it is just silly swagger.

There is the boy who crowds to the center of the stage posing as a tough. "What a great boy am I!" There is the youth who pretends to escapades he never had except in a timid anaemic way. There is the young woman who will entertain her gaping listeners with imaginary tales of adventures into regions where "the best is like the worst," that thus she may appear to be "experienced" and "blasé." There is the highly endowed young fellow who goes off to college from a good home carrying the high expectations of his friends. He might easily excel in the classroom, on the athletic field or in other activities, but, instead, he chooses to swagger through college as "a dead game sport." These all make jays of themselves.

We all know of the way some men brag about being "hard boiled," of the blatant way in which they speak of belonging to "the big church," that is, no church, taking positive pride in speaking of themselves as "heathen."

In the swaggering spirit began many of our vices, great and small. One remembers the way one prominent business man explained his taking up one of the lesser vices after he was thirty-five years of age. He said, "wanted

to be a *he* man." Well, let us hope that the indulgence helped some.

Tennyson showed his insight when he wrote that we should "let the ape and tiger die." Long after the tiger within us is dead the ape lives on.

But the tendency to do less than our best is not all due to swagger. It may be due in part to mistaken modesty. Modesty is one of the loveliest of the graces, and one of the most easily misunderstood. It is not a Heep-like self-depreciation. It is too sincere for that. It is the quality by which we quietly and self-forgetfully do our best. We speak of "the modest flower," but how frankly that flower looks up at you with all its beauty!

Be suspicious of humility that paralyzes effort! Be suspicious of modesty that stifles life's music! We can be just as modest and just as sincere in singing the beautiful song as in screaming the harsh discordant tones. The wood-thrush is just as modest as the jay, but how he sets a whole woodland vibrating with his incomparable song! It is always modest to do your best.

But the tendency to do less than our best is partly due to fear. There is fear of self and the consequent unwillingness to set up standards. We say in effect, "I'll not create any high expectation. I'll set no pace. I'll have no hard goals, lest I miss them. I shall aim at easy goals. Then if I surpass them so much the better." It is a cowardly but common course.

There is the fear of others, of those who "sit in the scorner's chair and hurl the cynic's ban." We are all members one of another; we are all amenable to public opinion; we all play to an audience. The question is, *which* audience? The explanation of much of the drinking in our day is just this, not taste for liquor, but fear of social pressure. Many, deep down in their hearts, would prefer clean living and decent parties, but they fear to lose caste, and so engage in coarse, crude, common pleasures.

There is in nature what is known as the law of "mimicry" or "protective coloration." Certain animals, birds and insects take on the color and pattern of their surroundings in order to avoid the notice of their enemies. And there are many timid folk who employ the same method in order to escape criticism or mockery. They veil and disguise their true selves and conform to the opinions and character of those about them as a matter of self protection "protective coloration!" There is another name for this device of nature which better fits such practice in man, it is "obliterative coloration." Precisely, "*obliterative coloration*." To yield thus to fear of others is to obliterate self, the true self, to hand over to that extent the control of life to others.



On this tendency to suppress the best, there are two or three things to be said.

1. *It is hypocrisy.*

Wolves in sheep's clothing are the sort of hypocrites who try to appear better than they are. Sheep in wolves' clothing are the sort of hypocrites who try to appear worse than they are, but both are hypocrites. If Judas was a hypocrite when he betrayed the Son of Man with a kiss, Peter was likewise a hypocrite when he betrayed the Son of Man with an oath. The first kind of hypocrisy is contemptible. The second kind of hypocrisy is debilitating.

One might almost speak of this kind of hypocrisy as modern. In the old days of puritanism, the hypocrite used the cloak of goodness to hide his essential badness. In our day the hypocrite uses the cloak of badness to hide his potential goodness.

Really, you need not fear that in the long run you will be taken to be better than you are. Your danger is that you may come to be worse than you might be. That suggests a second remark.

2. *The tendency to suppress the best produces a blighting reaction.*

One wonders what the biological history of the blue jay is, if he was not made at the first with a beautiful voice, but through all the generations of the jays there was a family tradition that you must not do or be your best. As it is, he has become one of the villains among birds. But whatever may have been the experience of the jay family, there is the law of reaction in human life, the tendency of the outward expression to react upon the inner condition. We grow to be the characters we assume and the unused power tends to be extirpated. Nothing can live that is not permitted to show signs of life. There is ever the need of having what is in us brought out. It would be a long step in the redemption of many a man if he would consent to be what it is in him to be.

3. *To suppress our best robs the world of needed help.*

Think what this year-round resident, the bluejay, might do for us during the long winter day if he were only willing to do his best and sing his song. He might constantly be saying to us, "When winter comes, spring can not be far behind." Do you remember the account of Paul and Silas in the prison at Philippi, how they sang their song in the night? There is a phrase in the Scriptural account of it that we lose in translation, "the prisoners heard them"—literally "the prisoners stretched out to hear them." The world needs your best and in the end will listen to it. If we have discovered any great melody

we owe it to our fellows to sing it; if we have discovered any great secret of life, we owe it to the world to avow it. Recall how the Master was wont to urge men to open discipleship, and how after Him his apostles were always saying, "If thou shalt confess with thy mouth." They knew the contagious influence of frank avowal of the highest and they knew the baneful influence of its suppression. Wolves in sheep's clothing at least testify to the superiority of righteousness. Sheep in wolves' clothing testify to the reverse!

Of Prime Minister Asquith it was said, "He had that mark of an authentic man that his expression of himself on important matters did not vary. In his speaking he respected himself and his message." May we not take as the first mark of an authentic man, self-respect? The call to the divine life is always a call to self-respect, not to apology—"Son of man stand upon thy feet and I will speak unto thee." Also for us if we begin to apologize for our ideals! We may fall short of them. Who does not? We may need to have them revised, but woe be to us if we, having seen the light, apologize for it. Ideals can live with us in spite of our failures, but they cannot live on apologies. Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, when president of Antioch College, in greeting the students a few years ago, said, "If you have not achieved the best standards, admit it, and work for them. Do not try to justify yourself by bringing those standards into disrepute."

If self-respect is the first mark of an authentic man, surely the second is courage, the heart to stand by and champion the highest. Milton's *Areopagitica* contains a strong inspiring sentence concerning the heroic stand which he took against great odds. "God intended to prove me whether I durst take up alone a rightful cause against a world of disesteem, and I found *I durst*." "And found that I durst!" What an instinctive response the quaint and noble old English word awakens!

Is not a third mark of an authentic man the practice of the best? J. M. Barrie once made a memorable speech before a gathering of dramatic critics, and in referring to his own plays, he said: "I wish I could write mine better, and I presume I am revealing no secrets when I tell you that the only reason I don't is because I can't. If there were any other reason, I should deserve the contempt of every one of you."

In his own quiet way John Burroughs modestly but frankly tells us, "I always try to keep back the ugly and give my best." "To keep back the ugly and give my best!" That may well be the motto of our lives.

"Great Master, touch us with Thy skillful hand,  
Nor let the music that is in us die."

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# PASS ON THE TORCH

ERNEST C. PARTRIDGE

THE figure of the torch-bearer is taken from the relay races of ancient Greece. Each started in the race carried in his hand a lighted torch, which he must pass on, still blazing, at the end of his lap, to his teammate. The figurative use of light is common. "I am the light of the world." "Ye are the light of the world . . . even so let your light shine." Paul exhorts the Ephesians to "walk as children of light."

Long before Jesus spoke to his disciples about light, or Paul wrote his letters to the churches, the figure of passing the lighted torch was in use in ancient Greece. The Greeks were famous for the great variety of their athletic contests. Many of these took the form of races and some were with torches. Sometimes individual athletes ran the whole course, carrying lighted torches in their hands, and sometimes they took the form of relays in which the torch was passed on lighted to the next runner. If the torch was extinguished, its bearer was disqualified. A good deal of skill and practice was required to maintain a high rate of speed and keep the torch burning. The poet Browning has in his writings some words like these, "God gives each man one life like a lamp. Then gives that lamp its due measure of oil. We must keep the lamp lighted, hold it high, wave it wide . . . its comfort for others to share."

The most unique and spectacular event in the city of Jerusalem, is that called, "The Descent of the Holy Fire," during Easter week. After midnight on Easter morning, the Patriarchs, the highest ecclesiastics of the Eastern churches, enter the lobby of the Holy Sepulchre, the marble masoleum built over the sight of the supposed tomb of Jesus. Here with doors locked the bishops await the descent of the holy fire, a torch symbolically lighted from above, by fire, which the common people believe comes down from heaven. On its arrival the bishops pass the flame out to the waiting crowd, through a narrow slot in the wall, thus giving light to the dead torches. Each church has in waiting a group of well-trained runners, who light their torches and dash off to carry the fire to the candles in their respective churches. There is great rivalry, for it is counted a great honor to carry these torches, and the church whose band of runners is first successful, is allowed to lead the Easter procession the next year.

We receive from the past and transmit to the future our accumulation of knowledge and experience. We mold it to fit our needs, add perhaps a little and pass it on. Civilization is a relay-race, in which the runners pass on, not a dead baton, but a living torch. Each gener-

ation receives the stored up knowledge of the past. Scientists, historians, astronomers, chemists, physicists, study, and toil and pass on to their successors the accumulated results. You remember the line of that outstanding poem of the world by John McCrae,

"To you from falling hands we throw  
The torch; be yours to hold it high."

We have, as American citizens of the twentieth century, a rich heritage. Others have carried the torch of civilization and enlightenment and have passed it on to us. Politically we have inherited a background of 300 years of national life, the greatest experiment in democratic government the world has ever seen. Enduring untold hardships, persecution and war, our forefathers builded here a nation whose benefits we enjoy.

Educationally we are heirs to three centuries of effort in establishing the greatest system of free public schools on the globe. Think of the self-sacrificing service of millions of devoted teachers whose lives have been spent in the education of our citizenry.

And if, politically and educationally we have duties to the past, and obligations to coming generations, what shall we say about our religious heritage? For the beginnings of this go back, not only 1900 years to the great Teacher, but 5000 years to the patriarchs, who have passed on to us the torch of a living faith in a supreme being, a faith enriched by all the great and good, who have wrought righteousness, and passed on to us a richer, fuller faith.

A church member once said to me, "I do not believe in foreign missions," and was surprised when I replied, "I don't care whether you believe in foreign missions or not, but you believe in paying your debts, don't you?" "Certainly," he said. Then I tried to show him the debt he owed to the Near East. The basis of our English language, Latin and Greek, came from out there. Much of the world's finest art, painting and sculpture, came from there. Our religion came from there. Supposing there had not been in Palestine in the first century a few men who did believe in foreign missions, who carried the gospel across Asia Minor into Europe, where and what would you and I be today? My friend replied that he had never thought of it in that way. Well, it behooves us to think of it in that way, and to recognize our obligation to the past. You cannot pay your parents for their love and care. You cannot pay your teachers for their part in your education. You cannot pay the state a fraction of what it cost to educate you. But you *can* pass on a living torch of light to others. This is your reasonable service.



## A KING AND A LAME PRINCE

Do you remember the story of David, the shepherd, who went to make music for King Saul when the king was ill? While he was there, David met the king's son, Prince Jonathan, and David and Jonathan became very great friends. Years passed, and Prince Jonathan grew up to be a famous soldier, and he had a little son whose name was Merib-baal.

One day, when Prince Merib-baal was only five years old, sad things happened: his father, Prince Jonathan, and his grandfather, King Saul, were both killed in a battle, and a messenger came running from the battlefield to say that little Merib-baal must be taken quickly to some place where he would be hidden from his father's enemies. The little boy did not understand what all the tumult was about; he only knew that his kind nurse picked him up in her arms and ran with him out of the house and down the stony road, looking back fearfully every now and then. On and on she ran till she could run no longer; then, in her weariness, she stumbled over the uneven ground and dropped little Prince Merib-baal. She dared not stop to see how much he was hurt, but, picking him up again, she hurried on.

At last they found safety in the home of one of Prince Jonathan's old servants, and there the nurse cared for the poor, hurt little prince. By and by he almost forgot that dreadful day, but never quite, for he was always lame on both his feet from the fall. Nobody thought of looking for the little prince, so there he grew up and married, and had a son of his own. Another king ruled in the land of Israel, and everyone seemed to have forgotten that the poor, lame man was really a prince.

But one day messengers from the king stopped outside the house where Merib-baal lived, and when Merib-baal heard that they had come to take him to the king, he wondered, and was half afraid. He wished good-bye to his wife and son, and rode to court with the royal messengers. When he reached the palace he was taken past the soldiers on guard, and brought into the room where the king awaited him; then Merib-baal put his crutches on the floor and bowed himself to the ground.

"Merib-baal?" questioned the king. "I am thy servant," answered Merib-baal. Then the king said: "Do not be afraid. I want to show kindness to you for your father Jonathan's sake, because I loved him. All the land and money that belonged to him are to be yours, but I want you yourself to come to live in the palace with me." It seemed almost too good to be true. The lame man looked up, and when he saw the king's kind face he was no longer afraid. So Merib-baal lived like a prince again, and watched his own son grow up in happiness and safety.

Who knows the name of the king who took the trouble to find the lame prince, and to be kind to him? Don't you think this story of David is one that Jesus must have liked when He was your age? (*Note.*)

This story is based on the story of David in 1 and 2 Samuel, as told by W. G. Channon, in the *New Chronicle*. The purpose of the story, to awaken sympathy for persons handicapped in life, and to establish an idea of fairness and honesty in dealing with others.

Suggestion for continuity, have the primary classes make picture books to present to shut-in and handicapped children in the community. Plan a regular schedule of visits to such friends, so the lesson and contact will not be lost.

## A BOY STEAM ENGINE

Our neighbor's little boy has reached the "steam-engine" age. He is a steam-engine nearly half the time and his puffing, steaming, clanging and whistling can be heard about the house at most any hour of the day. He is quite an enthusiast, and never seems to tire in his imagination.

The other day we were out walking with him when he happened, in the order of his transformation, to be just a plain little boy. He lagged woefully as we trudged up a long hill until we turned and called back, "Come, my boy, you are too slow; you must hurry."

"Wait," he said complainingly, "I'm tired and can't walk as fast as you," and his feet continued to drag.

We thought to experiment as we called back to him, "Be a steam-engine, my boy."

Instantly his eyes sparkled, his little fists commenced revolving in piston-like fashion, a vigorous puffing ensued and up the "track" our "steam engine" came dashing until we had to side-step to avoid a collision. On our "engine" sped and long before we reached the hill-top he came backing down to help us on.

And we thought: In his own little boyish strength he was nothing; could hardly drag along. He may have been tired, doubtless was; but the moment he got out of self and became a steam-engine he was treble his former self.

Just so Christ comes to poor, tired humanity. In our own strength we are nothing and life seems little more than a worry and care. We faint and fail and as we turn for help and strength we find the Saviour near. As Paul said, "We are transformed by the renewing of our minds," and what before seemed a heavy load upon a weary way, becomes a labor of love along a path of joy. We can do nothing properly without Him; but we can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth us.

—*E. Robb Zaring, Albany, Indiana.*

# ILLUSTRATIONS

WILLIAM J. HART, D.D.

## Spare-time Habits

*Eccl. 9:10. "Throw yourself into any pursuit that may appeal to you." (Moffatt.)*

Both vocation and avocation enable us to do the things which are of individual interest and human helpfulness. The memory of a college friend has been related by Dr. John Timothy Stone. This man formed the habit of using his spare time by studying the wild flowers in the fraternity yard. In this manner he filled his waiting moments, especially in the spring. Then he broadened his interest by studying trees and nature. Said Dr. Stone: "He has become one of the leading authorities in the scientific world, but he claims he owes more to his habit of his spare time than to text books or class rooms."

## Heart-sight

*Matt. 13:16. "Blessed are your eyes, for they see."*

I spent a fine holiday once in the Lake district. The quaint old farm at which I lodged was surrounded with the grandest mountains and hills. One day I remarked to the farmer whose guest I was, "It must be very inspiring and elevating for you and your family constantly to be living among all this grandeur and beauty." The picturesque old fellow looked at me with a wistful smile, shook his shaggy head, and replied, "Nay, I wish it were; but it isn't. We are so used to it that we think nought about it."

Rather sad, is it not, to think that one can have the power to enjoy such beauty but not be doing so because one is so familiar with it? Yet that is the case with many of us in certain important ways. There is such a thing as Heart-sight as well as Mind-sight and Eye-sight. Jesus was referring to that kind when he said: "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—*George A. Parkinson in The Methodist Recorder, London.*

## Busy Bees

*Judges 14:8. "A swarm of bees and honey."*

### (1) 80,000 Bee Trips for a Pound of Honey

A mistake commonly made in referring to the bee is to speak of it as gathering honey from the flowers. Bees do not gather honey but nectar. Honey is the manufactured product of nectar, "distilled" after it is brought to the hive. Actual tests by apiarists have shown that it requires 20,000 bee-trips to the fields in order to collect a pound of nectar. Since a

nectar produces but a quarter-pound of honey, 80,000 bee-trips are made per pound of honey. It has also been estimated that it requires nectar from 3,300,000 flowers to produce a single pound of honey. It is readily seen that each bee must visit several flowers on every trip to the field.

### (2) Bees and Farmers

This emphasizes another activity or use of the bee, one of inestimable value to the farmer. It serves as an agent of cross-pollenization. The hind legs of a bee are densely covered with fine hairs to which the pollen clings when it visits the flowers. In some kinds of bees the under side of the abdomen is also covered with the fine pollen carrying hairs. Thus, pollen is continually distributed and exchanged as the bees go from one plant to another. Some orchardists keep bee stands of their own while others arrange with professional apiarists to move their colonies near the orchards during the blossom season.—*The Pathfinder.*

## Scholar Lost His Way

*Isa. 35:8. "The Wayfaring men . . . shall not err therein."*

John Adams, a brilliant professor in Cambridge University, by a process of pure mathematics, discovered Neptune, added a new planet to the astronomer's map of the heavens, and yet one dark night he failed to find his way home across a Cornish moor, although he was Cornish bred! He could find a planet shining in the firmament, and an ignorant agricultural laborer had to discover for him the path which led directly to his father's door.—"The Glory of Going On," by R. Moffat Gautrey.

## Are We Happier?

*Mark 8:36. "What shall it profit?"*

Having reached the age of eighty, Senator Carter Glass of Virginia expressed himself relative to certain aspects of life in an interview with a newspaper reporter. Said Senator Glass:

"As I look back on my life I think that despite the progress which has been made the people are not so essentially happy now as they were in those comparatively simple days of my youth. Yes, we have more bathtubs, we have electric refrigerators, modern heating, and all the rest of the conveniences resulting from the advances in science and mechanics. But there are other things that make for hap-



piness—not material objects, but a state of mind—which disappeared.”—*Quoted in the New York Times Magazine by S. J. Woolf.*

### Did “Daily Helpful Things.”

*John 15:12. “That ye love one another.”*

That charmingly interesting little biography, “A Victor, Nathaniel Bowditch Potter,” by Charles Henry Brent, which tells the absorbing story of the tremendous amount of work accomplished by this noble physician, who was also author and university professor, and who died at the age of fifty, appropriately takes as an introductory statement the words of George Rice Carpenter:

“He was a brother to his friends, a friend to all in need. He gave himself as kings Strew gold, little daily helpful things, Ungrudgingly, while there yet was life to spend.”

Just a few days before he died he said: “The object of my life has been to bring science and humanity together.”

### Food and a Bath

*Ecc. 11:1. “You get good returns after a while.” (Moffatt.)*

One day last summer two visitors from “down under,” called on the “Parson” in his Grasmere home. They had discovered his interest in cricket, and brought with them two signed photographs of Bradman and Woodfull, and in addition a newspaper cutting which read thus:

Many years ago a young Wesleyan minister was driving along a dry and dusty road towards Melbourne, when he noticed the trudging, tattered figure of a tramp.

“Care for a lift?” he asked the man, and it was no sooner said than done. Reaching the manse about two hours later, the stranger scrambled down, and was about to offer his thanks, when the minister said, “What about a cup of tea?” Again there was a ready acceptance. “There is only one thing I would like better,” he said, “and that is a bit of a wash.” “Perhaps you would like a bath?” suggested the minister. And taking it for granted, ushered the tramp into the bathroom, and gave him soap and clean towels. Then they sat down to tea.

Forty years later, during the Great War, a number of Australian soldiers, who were returning to France after sick-leave, were resting on a slope, when an elderly man, with white hair and a kindly face, approached them.

“Australians?” he asked.

“Yes,” was the reply, “we are waiting for our boat.”

“Well, what about a little something to eat?” suggested the stranger. Unanimously agreed. They accompanied the old man to his large house, set in ample grounds, and were dined lavishly. When it came to formal intro-

ductions, the old man stopped at the mention of “Woodfull,” as the young man stepped forward.

“Of course you would not be related to a young Wesleyan minister who was in Melbourne some forty years ago?”

“That would be my father,” answered the soldier.

There was a moment of tense, troubled, and thoughtful silence. Then, in a trembling voice, the old man told his story—the derelict and tramp in Australia, the futility and despair following the loss of character, self-respect, and friends.

“I was thinking desperately of deep water in Melbourne and the end of everything,” he said, “when that young minister came along. That kindly act, the bath, and the clean, white towel started me on a new road. I determined to be a man. This house, these grounds, I owe to that young minister who was your father. I was a stranger and he took me in.”—*Dr. George Jackson in The Methodist Recorder, London.*

### Known by His Voice

*Matt. 26:73. “Why, your accent betrays you!”*

The automobile of a famous speaker ran into a ditch when he was hundreds of miles away from home. As the driver of another automobile was passing, he heard, amid the darkness, a voice calling, though no form was seen: “Hello, will you give me a hand?”

“Sure,” was the prompt reply. Then the speaker added, “Aren’t you Doctor Cadman?”

Never had he seen the speaker of national fame, but he often heard him speak over the radio. That voice was so well known to the man that he was immediately able to associate it with America’s princely preacher.

### John Allen’s Method

*I Cor. 13:4. “Love is . . . very kind.” (Moffatt.)*

The method of a man in North Carolina has attracted wide attention ever since this item appeared in a newspaper in that State:

“Friends of John G. Allen: when you hear he is dead, please don’t send flowers. Instead, do this: Write a check to any agency dealing in human beings—a baby home, an orphanage, a home for the aged. Just tell them it’s in memory of old John G. Allen, who died the other day.”

Then it was explained that when a friend dies, Mr. Allen sends a check to some charity. A note is also sent to the members of the bereaved family stating what he has done.

I know a woman who follows this plan to some extent. And so, when the mother of her school chum died she attended the funeral; but instead of bringing flowers she left a check for five dollars to be given to any charitable cause the family desired in memory of their beloved one.

## Recreation and Re-Creation

Mark 6:31. "Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."

August is vacation month. It is right to get a vacation if you can, and you should gain as much from your vacation as you can. Dr. Amos R. Wells put the whole matter of recreation in a nutshell when he said, "A recreation is whatever re-creates us, makes us over again, restores our wasted energies, so that we are stronger for the service of God. As it required a Creator to create us, so it requires the same Creator to re-create us. As we glorify Him for our creation, so we should glorify Him in our re-actions."—*Boston Transcript*.

## Waiting for Venus to Pass

Deut. 11:16. "Take heed to yourselves, that your heart be not deceived."

A passenger train was moving eastward over the prairie on the first transcontinental railroad which had recently been built in the United States. According to an old railroad-story, as dawn was approaching the train suddenly stopped. When the conductor hurried forward, the engineer pointed up the track. There, far ahead, was seen what looked like the headlight of an approaching train, though none was due on that single-track road. Hurriedly the train was backed down a mile or two to a siding.

The headlight, however, drew no nearer. Everyone was looking at it, and wondering why it did not move. The engineer took another look, climbed into his cab, and blew the starting signal on his whistle. Everybody climbed aboard, and the train started.

A good half hour had been lost while they had been waiting for Venus to get off the track. —*Stephen Bell in the New York Times*.

## Read the Road Signs

Job 23:10. "But he knoweth the way that I take."

The Yakima Valley in Washington is one of the garden spots of the continent. I missed seeing it on a trip through that section of the country some time ago because I took the wrong turn at a cross-roads and spent the afternoon going through the dreariest desert I had seen in all the West.

All of which is a parable to the effect that it is easy to take the wrong turn at any cross-roads and journey through a barren desert instead of through a fertile valley. Young people so often take the wrong turn with reference to education, marriage, friendship. Older people take the wrong turn with reference to investments, plans for their children, policies for the conduct of business.

We all need to read our road signs more carefully.—*Earl L. Douglass, D. D.*

## Sea and Sky with Blue

Psa. 148:13. "His glory is above the earth and heaven."

Once Bishop F. D. Leete was in conversation with the chief officer as he was crossing the ocean. Said Bishop Leete: "Commander, I like the ocean; it is wonderful when it behaves itself. Perfectly marvellous is the sea; but above the sea, I like a heaven."

The officer smiled at the bishop, as he remarked, "With a bit of blue in it?"

"Yes," answered the bishop; "a bit of blue in it I love to see."

One likes to observe the blue in both sky and sea.

## Beyond Electrons

John 1:3. "All things were made by him."

They who once probed and doubted now believe The Men of Science, for they humbly learn There is a Will that guides the atom's course; A Power that directs what they discern In light and air, in star and wave and sod; Beyond electrons they discover—God.

From research they derive a new faith that Sustains foundations of our ancient creeds; They grope through matter toward an utmost Light

And find a living God behind His deeds.

—*Adelaide P. Love*.

## CHURCH AND SOCIETY J. J. PHELAN, D.D.

### Society-Column Salvation

Matt. 3-8. "Produce fruit that will be consistent."

And pray, what brand of social-mindedness and social concern for our fellow-man is this? We exploit and destroy his body only yesterday, and yet today we are active in works of altruism, expressive of deep solicitude for his soul (according to the "Social Column") and to cap it all, without any marks or "fruits of repentance" and regret for previous conduct? Shall we dismiss it by merely calling it "freakish and unsteady, unreliable and egotistical human nature" or shall we call it by its plain name "hypocrisy and sinfulness"—another concrete example of the extreme to which some persons will go in the attempt to secure "SOCIAL PRESTIGE?" The process of damning a soul today and saving it tomorrow is neither scientific, ethical nor Christian.

### Economic Salvation

III John 2. "That thou mayest prosper."

Although to many, the mere sound of the term "economics" produces a mental "static" and coma effect, still the problem of earning a



living and supporting a family is an economic problem. Economic science and economic theory may not be synonymous. But how are you going to distinguish between truth and error, life and death without test-tube knowledge? Ignorance and indifference and not knowledge has always been man's greatest foe. Even in earliest times, economics or science of well-being has enlisted man's best thought. To secure best results from the Nile, Egyptians studied the Nile. The priests were the first economists. Joseph the Hebrew understood the business cycle as few have since. "Seven years of prosperity to be followed by famine" sounds like modern times. Read a sane and unbiased work, "Economics for Everybody," by M. Crobaugh.

### Individual Salvation

*Jno. 6:51. "Whoever eats this bread will live forevermore."*

"The Universal Language"—The wise man asks, "What Language did Christ speak?" They cavil, argue, search, and little prove. O Sages, leave your Syriac and your Greek! Christ spoke the universal language—LOVE"—Ella Wheeler Wilcox. Only he who has the love of God in his heart can interpret and sympathize with all people. More than that he can "get along with folks." Benjamin Franklin, during a certain period in his early life, experienced extreme difficulty with his social contacts. Finally, an older man told him, "Your friends enjoy themselves better when you are not around because of your cock-sure way of making statements that have a slap in them for everyone who differs with you." Franklin soon adopted a different approach which he described in his autobiography: "The habit of expressing myself in terms of modest diffidence, never using when I advanced anything that may possibly be disputed, the words 'certainly' or 'undoubtedly,' but rather . . . 'it appears to me,' or 'I should think so,' . . . or 'it is so if I am not mistaken.' The result of this? "The modest way in which I proposed my opinions procured for me a readier hearing and less contradiction . . ." He learned the value of respecting the ego of other people. Jesus lived the principle and always treated people as personalities of infinite worth and possibility. Man is still "lost" until he finds this kind of a Saviour.

### National Salvation

*Mark 8:37. "What can a man give to buy back his life?"*

The desire for novelty and newness has almost become an obsession with many of us. Our very speech betrays it. We have not seen a friend for a week and we ask, "Well, what's new today?" Whether ancient or modern; truth is truth wherever and under whatever

conditions it is found. We either "die of things," or from hardened arteries in our attempt to "live up to the minute." Moderns and liberals need rootage, a sense of continuity. Man cannot live by gadgets alone, even though they be chromium-plated, stream-lined baubles and ultra-sophisticated chatter ignores the inevitable question, "Is it well with my soul?" We think that we know God and our Bibles, when we resort to every possible substitute but prayer and the reading of our Bibles. To your tents, O Israel.

### Intangibles and Imponderables

*I Cor. 13:11. "When I became a man, I put away childish things."*

*II Tim. 2:19. "God's solid foundation stands unshaken."*

The apostates of negation, the vicars of Anti-Christ and the forces of militant godlessness are only wasting their time and energy as they vainly beat their fists and heads against the "Mighty Fortress of Our God" and "Faith of Our Fathers." What program has atheism for bringing together rich and poor, aristocrat and peasant, patriarch and plebian, upper and lower Bourgeois, or even saint and sinner? How can you promote the social, intellectual and spiritual welfare and our best traditions with mere sophistry, negative scorn and caustic cynicism? Negations often have more selfishness, small-mindedness and ignorance in them—than the very "evils they so chestily profess to rectify and remedy. The futility of tumult and disorder, force and violence as a social remedy should be evident to all. A Christian will not stay forever in the eighth-grade of citizenship. The spirit of unrestrained criticism is hardly the Holy Spirit of soberness, knowledge and deliberation.

### Liberty and Bondage

*I Cor. 10:23. "We are free to do anything, but not everything is good."*

It is all right for Americans to attempt the consummation of that Utopian phrase, "the maximum of self-expression" and the full realization of "individual rights," but not at the expense of neglecting our fundamental obligations to God and Society. We are hearing too much today about our "rights" and too little of our duties. The good person alone merits liberty, because only the good alone know how to use and not misuse liberty. We do not give a valued watch with its delicate machinery to a child to destroy, nor put a knife in its hands to harm himself and others. No, we give the child more and better liberty by exercising intelligent control and teaching him how to use liberty. Liberty's greatest enemy is factional strife due to ignorance, selfishness and poor leadership. Liberty is best learned in the school of Christ.

# MID-WEEK SERVICES

S. S. STILL

*Outdoor meetings are best for August prayer meetings if it is possible to arrange for them.*

## I. Music and Christianity.

*Hymn:* "Jesus Calls Us."

*Psalm* 150.

*Invocation:* Asking God's blessing upon the meeting and His help in opening our hearts to understand and appreciate Christian music.

*Hymn:* "I Will Sing the Wondrous Story."

*Songs of Long Ago:* Briefly told by those who have studied the passages referring to them.

1. Christ and His apostles sang before they went out to Gethsemane. Mark 14:22-26.

*Reading,* "Into the Woods My Master Went," by Sidney Lanier.

2. Paul and Silas sang when they were in prison and in stocks. Acts 16:19-25.

*Hymn:* "In the Hour of Trial."

3. Christians are commanded to sing. Eph. 5:18-20.

*Hymn:* "I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord."

4. Songs and the sound of the harp will gladden our heavenly home. Rev. 14:1-3.

*By the Choir:* "I Will Sing You a Song of That Beautiful Land," or "Hallelujah Chorus."

*Talk by the minister:* "The ministry of song."

*Hymn:* "Jerusalem, the Golden."

*Benediction.*

*Recessional:* "Tell Me The Old, Old Story."

## II. "They Ate and Were Filled."

A prayer-meeting about the miraculous foods mentioned in the Bible. It would be appropriate to have the people bring lunches or to have some social congregational meal to follow the service.

*Hymn:* "Bread of Heaven, on Thee We Feed."

*Thanksgiving:* That God provides for the need of His children.

*Bible Stories* about food. (Let the young people tell them.)

1. Food was provided for the Israelites. Exodus 16:4, 5 and 13-18.

2. The meal and oil that lasted through a famine. I Kings 17:8-16.

*Hymn:* "Come, Ye Thankful People, Come."

3. Elisha feeds a hundred men by God's help. II Kings 4:42-44.

5. Christ provides food for five thousand from five loaves. Matt. 14:13-21.

6. Jesus provides fish for the fishermen. John 21:1-12.

*Hymn:* "Break Thou the Bread of Life."

*Talk:* The need of spiritual food.

1. We think about vitamins and under-and-over-weight conditions physically. Do we think about our spiritual food?

2. What are some spiritual foods? 1. The

only spiritual foods are: a. God's Word. b. Religious reading and singing. c. Christian worship, including giving. d. Prayer.

3. What is the result of spiritual starvation? a. Spiritual death.

*Conclusion:* What is your spiritual weight? Do you appreciate and enjoy your spiritual food? If you don't, you are in as bad condition spiritually as the man is physically when he has starved until the sight of food turns him sick.

*Hymn:* "God Will Take Care of You."

*Benediction.*

## III. Comfort For The Sick

It might be good to hold this meeting on the porch or in the home of some saintly shut-in who is able to enjoy the presence of friends.

*Hymn:* "Count Your Blessings."

*Hymn:* "In the Hour of Trial."

*Bible reading:* Mark 1:29-34.

*Hymn:* "At Even When the Sun Did Set."

A prayer for the sick person, for the ones who care for him, for the doctors and the medicines to be blessed in their ministrations, for the spiritual growth of the sick person and that he may be patient and cheerful in his long confinement to his room; for his recovery if that be best.

*Hymn:* "Take Your Burden to the Lord and Leave It There."

*Talk:* The blessings of illness: 1. It causes our loved ones to learn to be more gentle and thoughtful. 2. It gives us an opportunity to draw away from the world and to come near to God. 3. It teaches us tender sympathy for others who suffer, and appreciation of health when health returns. 4. It teaches us to be cheerful under difficulties. 5. It teaches us to appreciate the healing ministry of the Lord Jesus and to put our trust in Him.

*Hymn:* "How Firm a Foundation."

*Benediction:*

*Softly-sung recessional:* "God Will Take Care of You," or "Blest Be the Tie That Binds."

## IV. The Voice of Prayer.

(An out-door meeting of prayer.)

*Leader:* Tonight under the heavens let us think about the kinds of prayer, and then let us offer them all together.

The first kind of prayer of which we shall think is WORSHIP, or Adoration. Let us have an example of the prayer of worship from God's Word.

*Bible reading:* Psalm 8.

*Hymn:* "Holy, Holy, Holy."

*A prayer of worship:* Offered by a person



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who knows God well enough to be acquainted with the prayer of worship.

*Leader:* The second prayer we shall consider is the voice of praise.

*Bible reading:* Psalm 145:1-12. Rev. 5:12-14.

*Hymn:* "Praise Him, Praise Him."

*A prayer:* Of praise or thanksgiving.

*Leader:* The Third voice of prayer is the voice of confession.

*Bible reading:* Daniel 9:4-17.

*Hymn:* "More Holiness Give Me," or "I Need Thee Every Hour."

*A prayer of confession:* Of the indifference and the sloth and the idleness and the lack of love of God's people toward Him.

*Leader:* The next voice of prayer is the voice of petition.

*Bible readings:* Luke 22:41-46.

*Hymn:* Of personal petition, "More Love to Thee, Oh Christ," or "Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me."

*A prayer:* Of personal petition for the church, its work, its worship, its influence, its success. "Give to us" is the theme of the prayer.

*Leader:* The final voice of prayer is the voice of intercession.

*Bible reading:* Gen. 18:20-32.

*Hymn:* "Others."

*A prayer:* Of intercession for sinners, for the missionaries on foreign and home fields, for those in temptation and trial and sickness.

*Hymn:* "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

*Benediction.*

## BOOK REVIEWS

### I. J. SWANSON

#### THE VALIDITY OF A RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE

By Albert C. Knudson. Abingdon, 237 pp. \$2.00.

An unusual and very valuable book. The book is the outcome of a series of lectures given at the Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas, under the Fondren Foundation. Dean Knudson first describes and discusses the exact nature of religious experience depicting a type that while real to the individual can also be rationally defended. We may "know" God as "active in human life." Our experience as Christians goes beyond "sense experience since it emphasizes a reference to a more-than-human and a more-than-cosmic object." Dean Knudson meets all charges against the "faith," as well as shows the dangers from extreme positions. He always ends a discussion with a sound and satisfying affirmation. There are few books more satisfying and stabilizing.—C. F. R.

#### THE BUILDING OF DREW UNIVERSITY

By Charles F. Sitterly. The Methodist Book Concern, 302 pp. \$2.50.

Methodism is associated with evangelism from its beginning; and its educational institutions are recognized as being in the forefront. This applies to Drew. Its teachers have added lustre to scholarship—men like Ezra Squire Tipple, William F. Anderson, Allan Mac Rossie, Henry Anson Buttz, Robert William Rogers, John Fletcher Hurst, John McClintock, James Strong, amongst the stalwarts; and others of the present day.

The book has portraits of fifteen of its great leaders; and pictures of Drew's buildings, etc. Prominent bishops, missionaries and evangelists are among Drew graduates; and among the rank and file of the graduates were men who did good work for the Kingdom. Drew has a right to thank God for her graduates, and her teachers.

**GROWING INTO LIFE, PROBLEMS OF ADOLESCENCE**

By Basil Miller, S. T. D. Lecturer in Religion, Pasadena College. Revell. 155 pp. \$1.50.

This is a book for parents, teachers, ministers and social and religious workers. In ten chapters, the author has given practical, helpful and illuminating guidance on the problems of adolescence—an outstanding contribution to religious education. Dr. Orton Wiley, President of Pasadena College, says, "Dr. Miller is well qualified to give instruction in this most difficult field." Contents: Growing Into Life, Basic Psychological Principles, Crisis of Adolescence, The Mental Reactions of Adolescence, Expanding Horizons of Adolescence, Adolescent Complexes and Escape Techniques, Abnormal Behavior and Mental Hygiene, Allurements to Right Doing, asking the Most of the Adolescent's Life, and The Religion of Adolescence.

**A PHILOSOPHER'S VICTORY THROUGH CHRIST**  
By William Hazer Wrigton, University of Georgia, Athens, Ga. Revell. 90 pp. \$1.00.

The author was inclined in his youth to the philosophy of doubt—but he outgrew it. Out of a firm assurance of faith, of deeper philosophic study, and of the Bible, he found a philosopher's love for Christ. This book will lead to a living faith in "Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Contents: The Real Problem (how to overcome iniquity), Victorious Grace (my grace is sufficient), Present Your Body, Instead of Joy a Cross and a Shame (to testify to Christ), The Son of God, Who Loved Me, Conquerors in the Phenomena of Life, The Normal Christian Life, The Holy Spirit, In Relation to the Life of Victory, The Doctrine Adorned, and Benediction (Hebrews 13:20-21.) This book tells of helpful contacts of fellow-men and of spiritual insight.

**SERVICES OF RELIGION FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS FOR USE IN THE CHURCHES OF THE FREE SPIRIT**

By the Unitarian Commission on Hymns and Services, and the Universalist Commissions on Hymns and Services. The Beacon Press. 85 pp. \$1.50.

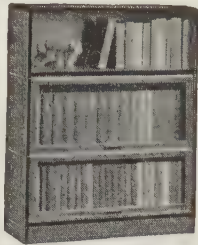
These Services are excellent, from literary and religious points of view, but not from denominations outside of the Unitarians and Universalists. Table of Contents: Index of Prayers, Recommendations as to the Conduct of Services: Orders of Morning Worship, The Offertory, The Communion, Confirmation or Reception of New Members, The Baptism of Children, or The Dedication of Parents, The Baptism of Adults, Marriage Service, Funeral Service, The Ordination or Installation of a Minister, The Laying of the Cornerstone of a Church, The Dedication of a Church, The Dedication of a Parish House, The Dedication of an Organ, and twelve other Orders of Service.

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## GOD IN OUR LIVES. WHAT DOES GOD MEAN TO US TODAY?

By Rolland W. Schloerb, D.D., Pastor, Hyde Park Baptist Church, Chicago. Harpers. 126 pp. \$1.50.

This book was written to answer an actual question addressed to the author—"What does our church mean when it uses the word 'God'?" It is a difficult question answered well by Dr. Schloerb. It is a practical answer—not theological. It is helpful. It brings a message for every day. Contents are: Is God Real? God—the Great Mystery, God—and Order, God—and Life's Possibilities, Is God Loving? God and Persons, Should We Fear God? Can We Trust God? Getting Help from God, Helping God, The God We Praise, The God We Serve, A God Who Compels, and What Faith in God Does. Dr. Schloerb has used freely the best thoughts of prophets, poets, and seekers, to clarify the concept of God and the various approaches to the reality which produces the good life. This book will help the thinking, and the faith, of all its readers.

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While the book presents nothing especially new, it is a splendid volume for personal reading.—G. W. M.

## LUKE, FIRST CENTURY CHRISTIAN

By Graham Chambers Hunter. Harpers. 170 pp. \$2.00.

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—C. H. N.

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## And Now, Farewell

(Continued from page 354)

ister's pew! He, himself, John Brook, had arrived thus at many a church! People loved you better, perhaps when you had children.

People, at any rate, had loved John Brook's children. They had been friendly, sunny children and, one after the other, they had joined the church. He could see Faith, his daughter, standing in just such sunlight as this to receive from her father the right hand of fellowship—a little, yellow-haired, grave-eyed child of eleven years! If only he still had Faith! But he had given her too, to the church—to a mission in far-off India. He had still the boys—good boys, he told himself, loyally, thinking of them at their work in the big city—good boys but from all that mattered to their father, as far apart as the width of loneliness.

No, the children could not help him now.

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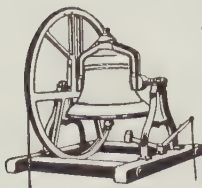
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There was nothing to help him now. Why, he suddenly saw, the twelve little churches had done a monstrous thing. They had taken everything—his wife, his faith, his life, his daughter. And of all that he had given, they had left him not even his self-respect to cling to in his old age!

In sudden fury, he leaped to his feet and held up his hand for silence. Never mind the second hymn. Never mind anything, but the words he must say to them.

A stranger to his people, a man white-faced and stern-lipped, John Brook stepped out from behind the shelter of his pulpit. He spoke to them and his voice was low and clear and it fell upon the church like a scourge.

"This is the sunlight of spring," said John Brook, "the clear and beautiful sunlight of God. It belongs here in His house. It is at home on His altars. But you—what right have you to come into the house of God? Most of you have been giving Him lip-service since you were children at your mother's knee. Dare you say you have ever known Him?"

Nothing answered him, but the silence such a silence as had not fallen upon this congregation in many years. John Brook, resting in that silence gazed into the faces of his people for an answer to his question. Most of the faces were bewildered. All of them were alive with some sort of feeling. Somehow they no longer looked alike, but had become the faces of individuals and in the camera flash of a speaker's pause, some had time to come into focus. Almost unwillingly, John Brook looked into the lined and tired face of Jennie Oakley who had given up her chance of marriage to care for a bed-ridden mother; he looked, too, at the bent shoulders of Mrs. Simpson who had brought up her six children to decent manhood and womanhood without help from their shiftless father; and he saw the brown face of Stanley Clay who sat now soberly in his seat, his drinking days behind him. He looked at them and he knew that for these, at least, there was a daily knowledge of God. And, last, he saw, in the front seat a little, yellow-haired boy, a boy who looked much as Robin, his eldest son, had looked once. The boy looked straight at John Brook and smiled the frank, open-hearted smile of the child. And John Brook, because the habit of gentleness is the strongest of all habits, smiled back and was lost. For now he had forgotten his anger and his heart was empty as though a great wind had blown through.

Someone else must speak to God for him. "Deacon Freeman," he said, at last, humbly, "I'm afraid I can't go on. Will you lead us in prayer?"

And the deacon, old and steady and grizzled, exactly like all the other senior deacons in the twelve little churches, arose with his usual de-

liberation, and gripping the seat before him, addressed the Lord.

"Oh, God," prayed Deacon Freeman, haltingly, "we are only plain people and we don't always know what it is right to do. Be with us, oh Lord, this morning for we are in sorrow. Our brother, who has helped us and loved us for many years, is going from us. We know we have grieved him and we are sorry if we didn't do right. But we want that he should know we shall need him sorely many times. Bless him, Oh God and be with him wherever he goes. For the fields are white to the harvest and there aren't many like him left to gather it in. Amen."

Deacon Freeman sat down, his face working. Hastily, he bent his head over his hymn-book, but, somewhere in the church, there was the unashamed sound of weeping. Amazed, John Brook heard it. His people were weeping, weeping for him. And he knew that he could sit silent for a moment and let the peace of that knowledge fill his heart till he was once more a vessel fit for the Lord—until once more, he could understand and love his people. He found no conscious words for this new wisdom, but warm within him was the knowledge that these were the children God had given him and that they loved him and had received sustenance from him; and he knew with humility that when they had forgotten his name, they and their children and their children's children would be better people because once, John Brook and Mary, his wife, had lived amongst them. And he understood at last, that God gives to no man a richer reward for his life's work than this.

There were blessed tears in his eyes now and he did not wipe them away. It was right that he should weep with his people. But it was right, too, that he should comfort them and he rose to his feet for he knew that God had returned to his servant's heart and that it would be given to him to speak words of courage.

And, standing there, an old man with his life work behind him, it did not seem to him strange that the words God gave him to speak were the words of the text from which an eager boy had preached his first sermon.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth, and I am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto Him until the end."

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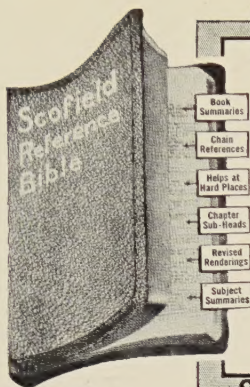
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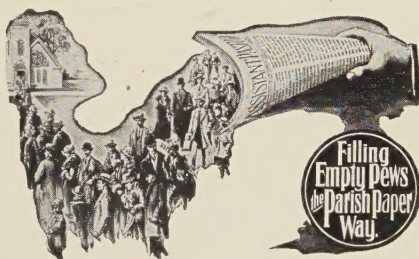
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